

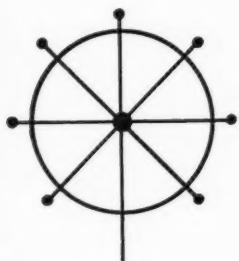
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# CANADIAN ART

## Summer Number



J. ZOLTVANY. *The Model*. Wood

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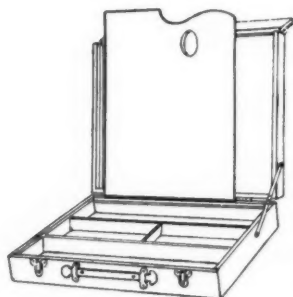
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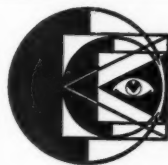


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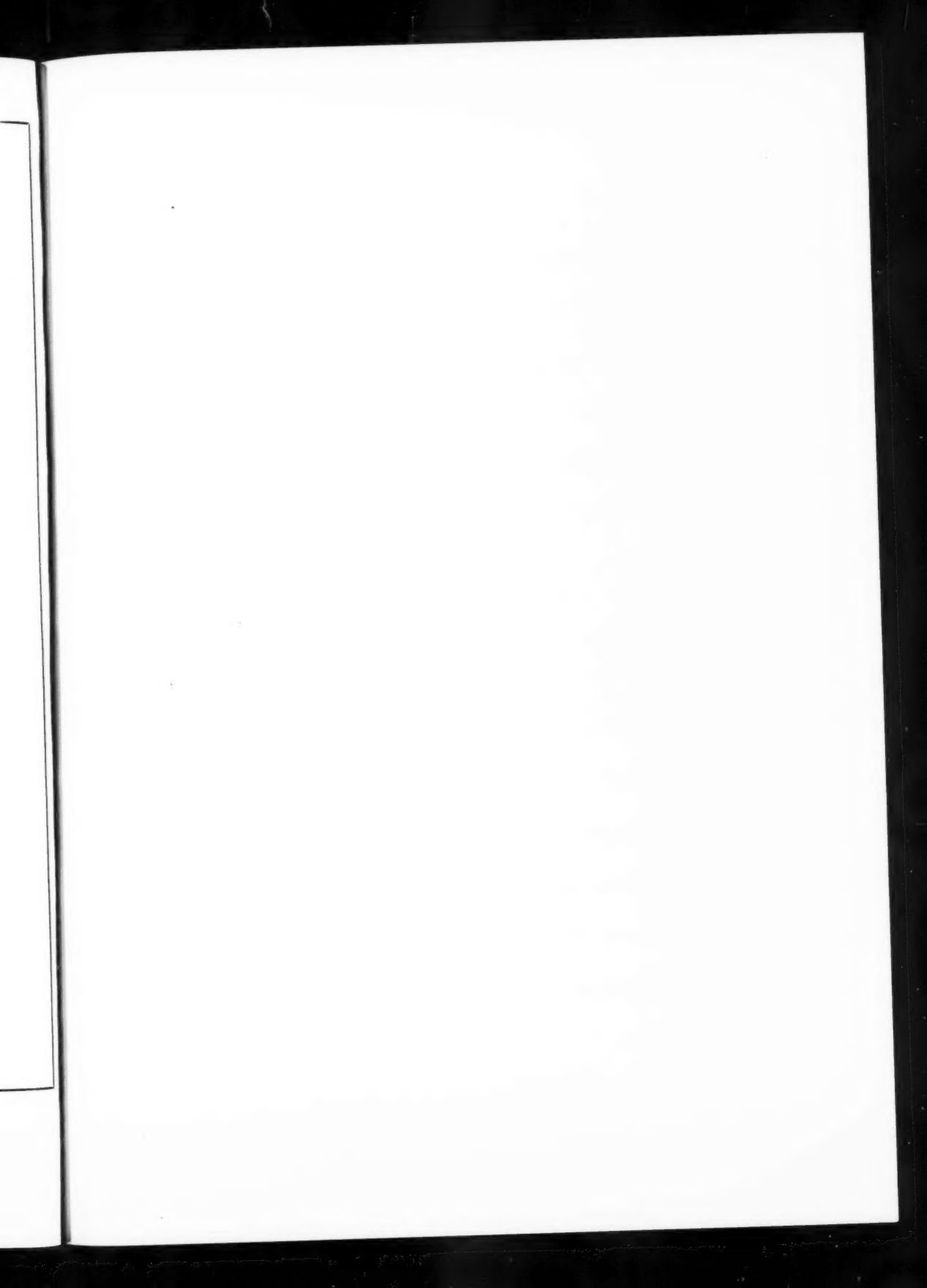






Plate: Courtesy, A. O. Bridger

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# The Sculptors' Society of Canada

PIERRE NORMANDEAU

*The Sculptors' Society of Canada was founded in 1928, by Emanuel Hahn and Frances Loring of Toronto, and by Henri Hébert of Montreal, in the latter's studio on Labelle Street. The first members, apart from the founders, were Florence Wyle, Elizabeth Wyn Wood and Alfred Howell. This organization, although small, was from the beginning planned on a national scale. Provision was made for regional chapters to be formed whenever the number of members increased sufficiently to make this practical. It was granted a federal charter in 1932. The main purposes of the Society are: "to promote closer co-operation among sculptors of Canada, and the encouragement of the art of sculpture; the holding of exhibitions in Canada and elsewhere, and acting in an advisory capacity in the erection of public monuments."*

*It is the only professional society in its field in Canada. The election of new members takes place each year, at the annual meeting. Nominees must receive two thirds of the votes cast. It is the policy of the organization to keep its membership restricted to competent sculptors and, as these have become more numerous, the society has grown considerably during recent years.*

ANYONE familiar with the art of sculpture in Canada knows, or has heard from the older artists, of the difficulties experienced by the sculptors (here more than elsewhere, and in the twenties more than now) in the practice of their craft. The founders of our society were confident that such an organization would not only promote a better understanding of sculpture, but would also benefit the sculptors themselves.

At about the turn of the century, with the exception of the Indian wood-carvers of the West, the production of sculpture in Canada was almost exclusively limited to Ontario and Quebec. In this latter province, where there had been a sculptural tradition, a long time had passed since the professional artists, well trained in their art by years of apprenticeship under a "master", had made their last contributions. These craftsmen may not have been great or creative artists. They worked in the traditional manner, but always with good taste and their carvings also show inventiveness and fantasy. With their disappearance the craft was practised by almost anyone who could handle a chisel or model in clay. The statues and sculptural decorations for the churches were done by Italian artisans and plaster took the place of wood.



*Virgin and Child. Elm wood  
Quebec School. Late 18th Century  
Recently acquired by the Detroit  
Institute of Arts*

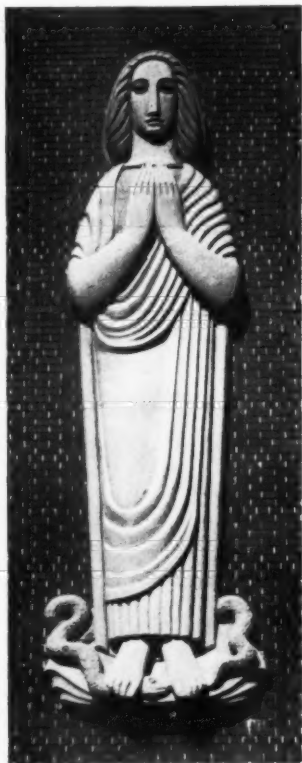
There were a few sculptors of merit in Ontario as well as in Quebec who had received their training in Europe and who had thus acquired prestige. They were held in great respect but most of them were seldom patronized with commissions. There were occasionally public monuments to be made in

In the homes where Canadian painting was beginning to appear, sculpture was rarely found except for Italian alabasters and imported pseudo-bronzes of commercial origin. Art in Canada had begun an existence of its own but sculpture was still far behind the other visual arts, mainly because of lack of encouragement.

Conditions have since improved. Art schools have been founded that have contributed very much to the greater interest manifested towards our artistic production in general, and to a better appreciation of sculpture in particular. The Society can claim to have done its modest share to help produce this betterment. It has sponsored lectures and held many exhibitions (the first all-sculpture exhibitions in this country) in the principal cities of Canada, as well as in the United States, England, and elsewhere in Europe.

The Society submitted briefs to the Royal Commission on Education in Ontario, to the House of Commons Committee on Reconstruction and to the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. It has also memorialized the government on other occasions when the interests of sculptors are involved. It has membership in the Canadian Arts Council and maintains liaison with the International Society of Plastic Arts and other societies. It was successful in obtaining the revision of the custom regulation which had previously defined sculpture as "works of art in bronze" and under which all Canadian sculptors were obliged to pay duty on their work being brought back into Canada if it were of any metal other than bronze, or if it were in marble.

During the past year the Sculptors' Society of Canada nominated a jury for the selection of the Canadian entries in the International Sculpture Competition organized by the Institute of Contemporary Art in London. At the request of the National Industrial Design Committee some of its members have acted as judges in the rating of products submitted for "Design Merit Awards to Industry." In collaboration with and at the request of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada the Society recently organized a competition among its



ARMAND FILION  
*L'immaculée conception*  
Mural sculpture for college  
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honour of some historically famous person, or to commemorate an important event, and the sculptors were then asked to submit sketches. Very often, in that case, they found themselves in competition with stone-cutters and tomb-stone makers who had also submitted designs.

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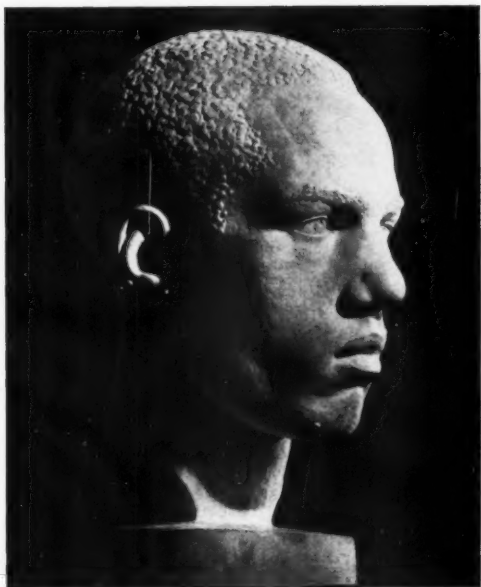
J. H. THIBAUT. *Madonna and Child*  
Wood

FLORENCE WYLE  
*The Cellist*  
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The National Gallery  
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E. B. COX. *The Trillium*. Walnut





ORSON WHEELER. *Negro*. Plaster



SYLVIA DAOUST. *Lucie*. Bronze  
The National Gallery of Canada

PIERRE NORMANDEAU. *Jeune fille*. Stoneware



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ELIZABETH WYN WOOD

*Detail of  
Welland-Crowland  
War Memorial,  
Welland, Ontario*

*Below:*

ELIZABETH BRADFORD  
HOLBROOK

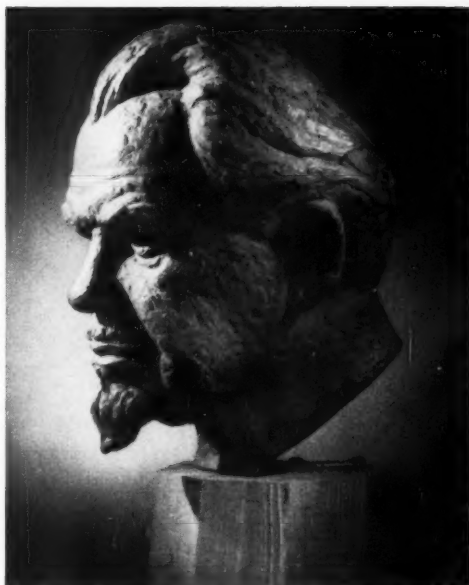
*Emanuel Hahn, R.C.A.*

members for the design of its Allied Arts Medal.

According to a few French art critics in recent articles, sculpture could be, now, a disappearing art, and some may find, judging from many recent examples, that it has taken on a surprising appearance, as compared with what they have been accustomed to see.

We firmly believe that sculpture, the art of volumes, or of lines in space, the art of "three-dimensional objects" will, in some way or other, using old or new materials, always arouse interest and find its place in modern society.

The Sculptors' Society hopes to present a reflection of the present state of sculpture in Canada at the exhibition it will hold at the Museum of Fine Arts in Montreal this November. All sculptors are invited to take this opportunity of showing their work. This event will commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of our group.





# From Saint-Hilaire to Tuscany

## —The Paintings of William Armstrong

ERIC McLEAN

*In the early part of May, two Canadian painters now living abroad had their work exhibited in Montreal's new Waldorf Galleries. One was William Walton Armstrong, who is at present working in Florence, and the other was Paul Beaulieu, who has had a studio in the Montmartre district of Paris for the past five years. Each was represented by some twenty oil paintings. Armstrong's subjects were mostly landscapes, while Beaulieu confined himself to still lifes.*

*It was a thoroughly satisfying exhibition. Although the source of the painting impulse of these two men is not the same, the work of each seemed to complement the other. As Robert Ayre pointed out in his weekly column in The Star: "About the only thing they have in common is that both are Canadians and both are abroad, except—and this is quite important—they are both apparently wrapped up in painting for its own sake and both are fastidious and sensitive." Expanding on this idea, one might say that Armstrong's sensitivity finds its greatest expression in colour, Beaulieu's in line.*

WILLIAM Walton Armstrong is relatively unknown in Montreal although he lived and painted in that city for ten years prior to the spring of 1952 when he moved to Italy. Many people who saw his work recently at the Waldorf Galleries wondered why they had heard so little of him before. There have been times, of course, when a young virtuoso suddenly commands attention with no previous indication of his gifts, but in such cases he inevitably betrays the weaknesses of too rapid growth. This is not true of Armstrong. Here there was on view the work of a mature painter. There was too much experience in these canvases, too much assurance in the arrangements of forms and harmony of colours for anyone to believe that the man responsible for them had sprung like Pallas fully armed from the head of Zeus.

One reason perhaps why Armstrong's paintings were not well known before was because of his relatively low output. He painted slowly and revised much of his work, sometimes to the point of rejection. The most successful canvases were sold privately and now hang on the walls of a few astute collectors in Vancouver, Toronto, Halifax, and Montreal. A number of them found their way even to the United States and Europe, with the result that

it has been difficult until now to assemble a representative exhibition.

But the most cogent explanation for his obscurity is to be found in the character of the man himself. For William Armstrong, painting is not a chosen profession. The impulse is too strong to have allowed the deliberation implied in the word "chosen". It would have been impossible for him to be anything other than a painter.

He has made few efforts to sell his work, and has even withdrawn from contacts which might have been interpreted as being helpful in advancing his career.

He is a native of Toronto. His mother's family, which was largely responsible for his education, had held United Empire Loyalist property in the Toronto district since the American Revolution. They were eminently practical people who, by nature, regarded painting as a precarious profession.

Long before he concerned himself with making a living, Armstrong had decided on painting as his way of living. He was a precocious student, and while hardly in his teens he had already made thorough analyses of many of Delacroix's great figure paintings.

His family hoped he would choose to be a school-teacher, and in deference to their wishes he completed his academic studies at the Uni-



versity of Toronto. He managed to give an excellent account of himself as a scholar, without neglecting his development as a painter. Teaching jobs followed, and he is remembered by students of Trinity College School and Upper Canada College where he instructed them in Spanish, German, and history of art.

Making his first trip to Europe in 1949, he travelled, for four months, through France, Italy and England. He had believed, before leaving, that Europe would offer the strongest stimulus for his work, and he returned with that conviction strengthened.

The return was already measured as nothing



WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. *The Gate (Tuscany)*

It was not long, however, before Armstrong made the decision to devote all his attention to painting, and in 1942 he accepted Dr. Arthur Lismer's invitation to join the educational staff of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. True, he would still have to teach, but at least he would be teaching painting, which was a step in the right direction.

The years of repression, of being obliged to follow a course which held little interest for him, had seriously affected his health. During the war years he lived quietly, painting and teaching painters; and building up that large reserve of experience which was to stand him in such good stead as his idiom became clearer.

more than an interval until he should leave again. He worked with new energy towards the day when he might live in Italy, perhaps for a year, perhaps for the rest of his life.

An expression of this anticipation is to be found in the paintings he did during the summer of 1951 at St-Hilaire, a small town some twenty miles from Montreal. These were chosen by Robert Tyler Davis to share an exhibition with the work of Goodridge Roberts at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

The Montreal painter, John Fox, and his wife, Louise Cass (who is a gifted artist in her own right), had taken a house that summer near St-Hilaire. Armstrong, who had taught Fox and was a close friend, was invited to



WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. *House, Borgo San Niccolo*



WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

*The Lake Road,  
Mont St-Hilaire*

Collection:  
*A. Brown, Montreal*

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share the house with them. The location was ideal. Seated on the south side of St-Hilaire mountain, the house was a large rambling affair, the foundations of which dated back to the French regime. Directly opposite was a handsome old building which had been successively part of a seigneurial property, an inn at which the stage-coaches stopped en route from Montreal to Albany and lastly a private residence. From the top windows of the Fox-Armstrong house the view stretched over the lush Rougemont plain, and from their backyard the eye followed up to the summit of St-Hilaire mountain through a seemingly endless succession of apple orchards for which the district is famous.

One would hesitate to label the St-Hilaire paintings as being particularly Canadian. They are too yielding and too serene. The arrangements are varied, but the thematic material is the same throughout: a biscuit-coloured road flanked by apple trees and elms with, perhaps, the blue roof of the artists' house rising above the foliage; a long and tranquil view of the plain looking down over the tree-tops, with Rougemont itself rising on the horizon. The forms are ordered and simplified, and the colours muted and harmonized to an Italian key. It may have been the anticipation of Europe which prompted this unusual (for Armstrong) treatment, but it may also have been because there are few places in Canada which evoke the memory of Tuscany more vividly than does the district round St-Hilaire.

After another winter of teaching at the Montreal Museum and at the newly organized School of Fine Arts, McGill University, Armstrong was once more able to leave for Italy. In the spring of 1952 he headed for Florence where he rented a studio in a house on the Pitti side of the Arno. From one window it commanded a view of the river, the Uffizi, the Palazzo Vecchio and, in the distance, Brunelleschi's dome of the Cathedral. In the opposite direction, Armstrong could see the eleventh-century church of San Miniato and the gardens leading up to the terrace of the Piazzale Michelangelo.

Here he was in his element. Here the buildings and the ancient cypresses and olive trees seemed to have grown up together. And it was

here that the canvases shown in the Waldorf exhibition were painted.

William Armstrong is now in his middle thirties. His prematurely white hair, his pathologically quiet manner, and his sober dress, could not be a more complete contradiction of the popular conception of an artist. Although he enjoys talking with other painters, any comments on his own work, favourable or unfavourable, are very likely to embarrass him. I have seen him leave the room in anguish when a prospective buyer was looking over his canvases.

While he is not a particularly articulate speaker, his language is vivid. Words, as he uses them, regain their natural flavour, and the most commonplace phrase becomes significant in the context in which he places it. This, coupled with his tremendous interest in literature, makes one suspect that he might have been a successful poet if the genes had been slightly re-arranged. His inquiring mind accepts conventions only with caution, and he is likely to interpret metaphors literally.

There is nothing of the realist in his make-up, nor is he particularly interested in "social significance." Though he can paint only when in good health and high spirits, his painting is, at the same time, a therapy. In it he can create the organized calm so necessary to his nature.

As Dr. Lismer has said, Armstrong is one of the few Canadians who paint with classical serenity. Though he admires Cézanne, he is more likely to be drawn to Poussin or the antique.

"His interest in Etruscan and early Italian art is part of his need for the historical continuing quality to be found in Europe." The observation is again Lismer's, who goes on to say: "He is a textural insinuator, and his work has great solidity of form. He does extraordinary things with a growing fertility of technique."

"He is a Northerner, which may account for his success and interest in landscapes, but he draws his sustenance from the soft warm air and the feathery olive trees of the South."

Armstrong fixes his gaze on the middle distance of the Tuscany landscape and paints an infinitely varied world of order, proportion, and harmony.

# Anne Kahane—An Art of These Times

ROBERT AYRE

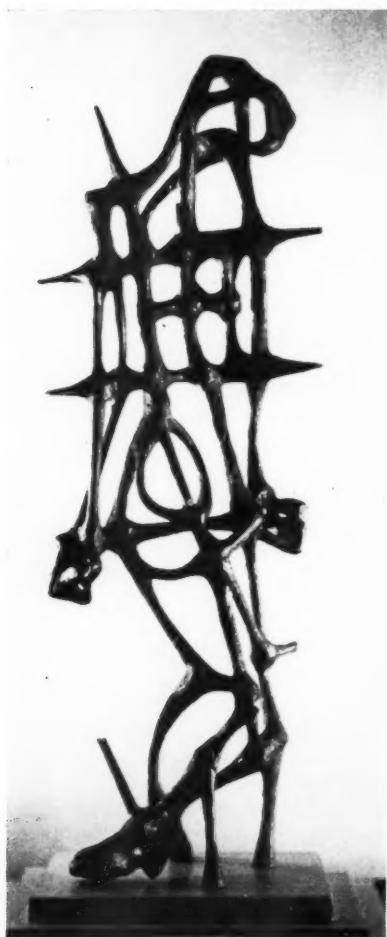
IN THIS year of jubilee for the Sculptors' Society of Canada, it is gratifying that a young Canadian should have received recognition in the first International Sculpture Competition. More than three thousand five hundred works were submitted from 57 countries. In the preliminaries, Canada had 41 entries—as compared with 607 in Germany, 513 in Great Britain, 400 in the United States, 307 in France and 296 in Italy—so that Anne

Kahane deserves great credit for winning one of the £25 prizes. Three of the 41 Canadian entries went overseas for the finals, the other two being the work of Julien Hébert and Robert Norgate.

The theme of the competition, organized by the Institute of Contemporary Arts of London, England, was "The Unknown Political Prisoner". As Sir Herbert Read, president of the Institute, said, the intention was "to pay tribute to those individuals who, in many countries and in diverse political situations had dared to offer their liberty and their lives for the cause of human freedom . . . Everywhere the human conscience has been in revolt against inhuman tyrannies. In that conflict lies the unique tragedy of our age, and the sculptors of the world, of the whole world, were asked to accept the challenge of such a theme and to express its significance in monumental style."

The organizers made it clear that symbolic or non-representational treatment of the subject would receive the same consideration as a more naturalistic expression. This was probably the reason why some people protested that most of the sculpture, instead of being in a monumental style worthy of the subject, was an affront to human suffering and human dignity. One citizen described Reg Butler's figure, which was awarded the Grand Prize, as looking like a beat-up TV aerial, and you know how the maquette was smashed when it was on exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

Judging from the photographs I have seen, I should say the complaints were not altogether unjustified. Many of the works appeared to have no more significance than the trylon at the New York World's Fair. "Modish sculptural idioms of the mid-Twentieth Century" was the way Eric Newton summed up half of them in *Art News and Review*. Most of the others, he thought,



ANNE KAHANE

*The Unknown Political Prisoner*

were ingenious contrivances or "academic essays in monumental sculpture suitable, on a small scale, for furnishing a cemetery or, on a rather larger scale, an urban park." On the other hand, much of the criticism was based, no doubt, on the popular preference for cemetery art, on prejudice and misunderstanding and inability to imagine, looking at a maquette, how impressive the finished work would be in full scale.

Monuments do not have to be traditional. But they shouldn't have to be explained. They should go straight to the heart of the theme in a form that can be understood by everyone. There should be an immediate emotional impact.

You get it from Anne Kahane's figure. It is an abstraction, the expression is contemporary, but there is no mistaking the bondage and suffering it represents. I think the abstract can stir the deeper emotions only when it remains close to humanity: that is to say, when it is not pure but semi-abstract—"one touch of nature"—like Henry Moore's affecting figures in the underground shelters. In Miss Kahane's sculpture you see the outline of a man; you recognize the weary head, you feel the tension of the hands downthrust toward the earth as if to compensate for the sagging knees and force the suffering body to remain upright; the prison bars, which are also the binding chains, are one with the ribs and they extend into the sharp spikes which are the symbols of torture; the work is a powerful synthesis, an impressive and moving realization of the theme.

The maquette is, of course, a small thing, made of copper tubing and plastic wood, but although the sculptor has had no experience of monuments or heroic works of any kind, her "Prisoner" is essentially big and could only gain in impressiveness by being enlarged.

Before I say any more about her work, let me give a few biographical notes. Anne Kahane was born in Austria, came to Toronto when she was two and moved to Montreal when she was five. Attending night classes at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for a year, she studied sculpture. But she found noses and ears boring, as she says, so when she graduated from high school, instead of carrying on with



ANNE KAHANE. *Father and Son*  
Wood

the three dimensions, she went to a commercial art school for two years, moving from there into an engraver's studio. A year of that was enough. Frustrated, still not knowing what she wanted to do, she was persuaded by her mother to enlarge her horizons by going to the Cooper Union in New York. Wood carving was part of the foundation course she took and, when she returned to Montreal to practise as a free-lance commercial artist, her friends admired the pieces she brought home with her and urged her to concentrate her talent and energy on sculpture. She resisted because at that time she was more interested in painting. But painting resisted her. She found it a disturbing experience, experimenting with

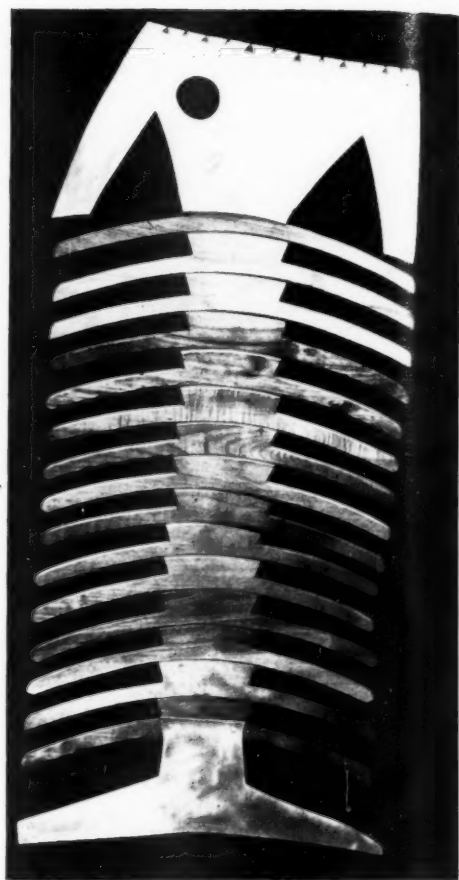


techniques in the search for her own technique so that she could say what she felt compelled to say, and getting nowhere because she was too absorbed in ways and means to do anything about ends. It was with relief that she at last gave in and admitted that her language was sculpture.

It was natural to her, far more natural than drawing and painting. Nevertheless, it had to be learned. It had to be taught, too, for the sculpture that was to convey her thought—the form, she says, must be the inevitable expression of the idea—was contemporary sculpture, the language of today. Anne Kahane doesn't repudiate the past, but she believes in leaving it where it belongs. The works of the past can be admired, they may have something to teach, but they are not to be imitated. Art is living and growing. It must be part of its own times. Everything that happens must have an effect on it; the art of 1953 must express the drives and tensions and uncertainties of 1953. How can it be done in the old traditional forms? Miss Kahane could no more work in them then she could do her shopping in Latin.

She learned from contemporaries like Lipchitz—always exciting to her—and Henry Moore, who doesn't mean as much to her as he did. She feels she has outgrown influences. "Just myself and the things around me," she says, not with affectation but with a charming, innocent candour. She strikes you as being completely unsophisticated, taking a quiet almost childlike pleasure out of the things she makes from the materials to hand . . . Wooden coat-hangers suggested the skeleton of a fish; she articulated them so that the spine would be flexible, fashioned a head and tail of aluminum, and had a—well, perhaps *sculpture* isn't the word for it: *mobile* would come closer; anyway, it's a three-dimensional creation and it's fun to have it around, just as it was fun to make it. (And why shouldn't there be fun in art?)

All very simple, but it isn't as easy as it sounds. You must have the ideas, you must be able to see the fish in the coat-hangers, and then have the skill to do something about it. It would be easy to say of Anne Kahane's figures, as is so often said of the painting of



ANNE KAHANE. *Fish*. Wood and aluminum

our day, "Hmph! I could do as well as that, myself, if I thought it was worth while. My five-year-old daughter knows as much about anatomy . . ." Yes, a child might see a man as Anne Kahane sometimes sees him, as a walking clothes-pin; but the simplicity, the reduction of the subject to its essentials, the apparently childlike innocence and artlessness, are deceiving. She has kept the child's clear, fresh vision and imagination and joy in the things around her, but they have grown more powerful with maturity and she has deliberately kept them so that her statement may be clear and direct, as a writer keeps his strength

by using words of one and two syllables. They are not artless, the clothes-pin men, the crow that might be an ant-eater, the sheets of copper bent into a pair of deer or a pigeon, the tubes twisted into a flute-player: they are full of art, the simplest of them. And Miss Kahane grows more complex and abstract, as in the redwood *Adolescent Girl* and the rosewood *Troubadour*.

More abstract, and yet never completely. For she says she wants ordinary people to understand; she always enjoys seeing them "light up" when they begin to understand this new language, the language of their own times. The people of Montreal, she will tell you, haven't been exposed to much of it and it takes a little time. "Some things I'll accept for myself but I won't show yet . . ."

Tools and materials don't interest her for their own sake. She has no sentimental ideas about propriety. If she could get power tools,

she would be glad to use them, and she takes what materials she can get. The idea is the thing, the ends more important than the means. Her work is small and intimate, partly because of the nature of her ideas, often developed from many drawings or sketches in cut-out paper maquettes, and partly because of physical limitations—the size of her basement studio, the tools, the materials. But she finds it stimulating to work within limitations. "I would be disorganized, otherwise," she admits. And there is always the question of disposal. What is to be done with big works?

Just now Anne Kahane is modelling a boy's head in clay, her second portrait, in a material she has little used. Maybe this is a field she will work, but it seems more likely that she will continue to develop her abstract ideas. "The Unknown Political Prisoner" may show her the way to a more monumental use of them.

## What Themes Are Sculptural?

JULIEN HÉBERT

WHEN the Institute of Contemporary Arts announced the theme of its international competition, "The Unknown Political Prisoner", the first thing that came to my mind was the fact that the theme was real, actual and broad.

Most of us sculptors work freely; we do not care so much how we start, where we get our ideas, what they are worth, all we want is to end up with a good sculpture. We are left with our stone, our technique, our forms. The idea of a sculpture embodying some meaning, of a sculpture carrying a message of some definite usefulness to the community is absent from our workshop. This happens mostly because nobody definitely commissions us to do sculpture. Our patrons feel that we should be given time and liberty to produce and if we come out with something good they will buy it. This was the way engineering was practised when Leonardo da Vinci was offering for sale his models of dams, canals and other projects. If this were still the way we

dealt with engineers, I doubt if we would have so many good dams, canals and bridges.

"The Unknown Political Prisoner" is an actual fact, it is a reality of a sad but great importance to all of us today. That theme struck me as being of a real significance and perhaps the first great theme to come out of a collective belief in the past few centuries. From then on I wondered if themes were not of some vital importance to sculpture; and if so what sort of themes would be properly suitable to the sculptural forms that are to express them. Bearing this idea of a theme in mind, we may find out what sculpture can do, what it can say, what it can state well; and, at the same time find out what it cannot do, say or state well.

Sculpture has quite a few limitations as a representational art.

Only a very limited number of things can be represented in sculpture: human beings and animals. The Greeks were not even interested in children, old people or animals other than





JULIEN HÉBERT. Photo-montage showing maquette for "The Unknown Political Prisoner" against landscape background

horses. Other civilizations represented animals, sacred animals, useful or dangerous animals, but most of the time animals in relation to man. So the main subject of sculpture seems to be man. We might say that everything else is unsuccessful in connection with sculpture, that this is so even of man's closest accessory, costume, when it is slightly too obvious; a hat for instance will easily be ridiculous.

And then this man in sculpture is very static, what he does in action is usually not worth describing. There seems to be no place in sculpture for theatrical arrangements that have a definite literal meaning, *une petite histoire*, as in "le Commerce soutenant le bras de l'Industrie" or as in so many official monuments and war memorials which seem to come right out of Steinberg's sketch-book. So grouping and posture is limited, limited largely to man's most simple and noble attitudes.

And still more limitations derive from the material which the sculptor works with and from the way he works it. Stone, wood, cement, metal are not easily workable. It is only by a slow process that forms will come out of them. Forms, masses have an infinity of outlines hard to deal with simultaneously. What appears right from one angle is wrong from another; as the work progresses in one direction it has to be attended to in all other directions. All through the operation a full vision of the form is required and the sculptor is compelled to minimize the intricacies which

might break its continuity. He is therefore left with elementary forms, simple and direct volumes, from which all non-essentials have been eliminated. So when forms are there, when masses are in space and in light, the hand can round them and where vision could make a mistake, touch will confirm the volumes. Volumes are clear, bold, concrete; they do not allow or tolerate doubts, suggestions, delusions, insinuations, dissimulations or feints.

What then can sculpture mean? What themes are sculptural? I dare to say the most important themes, the greatest ones. Sculpture will tell of man, of his ideals, but it will avoid literal topics. What is described in a sculpture is so limited that unless it stands for something else than the superficial it is not worth doing. And therefore a sculpture must have a definite tendency to be a symbol or a sign. The "mother and child" for instance is a theme where real significance lies far deeper than in the mere description of the mother and the child, far beyond the sensitive appearances.

Sculpture requires themes that are as clearly definite and concrete as the forms which are to express them. It seems that the clarity, the straightforwardness of the theme is tested and tried by the requirements and the restrictions of the material, that the intention is verified in the realization. Therefore sculpture deals only with clear and bold intentions, it is the art of straightforward and memorable themes.

Sculpture is not a temporary medium; what it embodies is there to stay and to be seen

constantly. Themes for sculpture must be based on well secured convictions; they must be themes which are capable of being shouted forth, of being exposed permanently so that they stand in the way with their weight, so that they obstruct the passers-by, so that they can be touched like a material fact, like a stone.

Wherever an overwhelming presence is needed we will find sculpture.

Does it not appear that way throughout history? While architecture is a constant art through the ages because of its function, other arts have not been continually in favour. When sculpture does appear it takes its place and its

full meaning; architecture and town-planning then seem to reserve and create the best possible sites for it. A portal of a medieval church tells us of the aims and possibilities of sculpture. Of all the topics and themes listed by the theologians to be related in or out of the church, sculptors were taxed with rendering the most important ones: great simple truths, the essential dogmas like Christ, his humanity and divinity, the madonna, the day of judgment. Those great themes were to form an arc through which the whole community had to pass. Stone figures, symbols filled that space, not like the whispering of words but like a

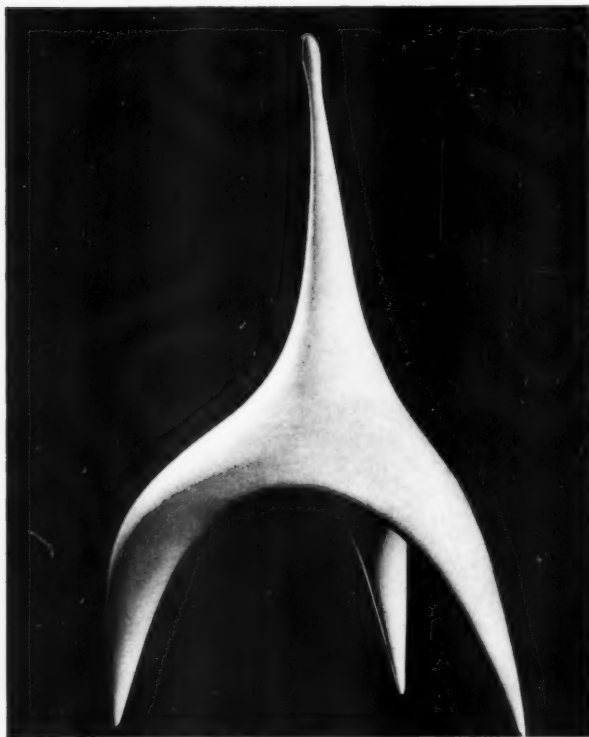


JULIEN HÉBERT  
*Mother and Child*  
Plaster

thunder of evidence. Who could have dared say that what those stones stated did not exist? Who could have escaped those ever present images, those touchable facts? The Greeks used sculpture for the same purpose of stating their main evidences: the presence of gods; the continual, complex and convenient transposition of ideas, virtues, vices, fates, and elements into gods. So did the Romans, so did the Egyptians for whom the survival of the soul was an abounding and prolific theme of importance. So did the Mesopotamians with their themes related to conquest; pride in the strength of the conqueror, admiration for ferocious animals.

If we, as communities, were to review our deepest convictions could we find any or even one which could stand the trial of sculpture? Which of our collective attitudes would we dare have presented thus in the face of many generations to come? "The Unknown Political Prisoner" is a great theme, what others do we

have? And do we have an urge to state them so definitely as to have them put in sculpture? Perhaps at our stage radio, the modern form of eloquence, is a more appropriate medium. Radio is speech, a fugitive art where sophism is easily mixed with truth. Speech goes as it comes; it is convenient for seasonal and intricate thinking. Sculpture is quite the opposite; it is a presence, a lasting presence. When a piece of sculpture is erected it is a proclamation and a very formal one; it is also some sort of a pact with the community binding generations to come. When certainties are not established or need not be established among men, then there is no need for sculpture and very little need for art in general. Inversely when sculpture is not a true living art, the pulse of life and thought is low and uncertain. Sculpture is not a forgotten art; it is much more likely that we as groups have not come of age for sculpture, that we cannot be that daring with what we hold in mind.



LOUIS ARCHAMBAULT  
*Fountain or Flambeau*

*This design for a monument to "The Unknown Political Prisoner" can be placed over water to be a fountain, otherwise it will be a flambeau. The water or flame thrown upwards with force towards the sky will symbolize incessant or ever returning resistance to oppression.*

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ROLOFF  
BENY

*Night  
Island*

## Roloff Beny—A Portfolio of Reproductions

No matter what subject he paints, a painter always does his own portrait. So Jean Cocteau wrote in reference to Roloff Beny, when this young Canadian painter, who hails from the high plains of Alberta but who has a background of studies in Toronto and Iowa and of travels in Greece and Italy, opened a one-man exhibition in Paris in 1952.

How true these words are! For what real connection, except in the character of Beny himself, can be found between those drawings he did one season in the ancient sea-bleached isles of the Aegean and those great semi-abstract compositions, albeit Ionian in reference, which he completed one winter later in

Lethbridge, Alberta, where he worked in a makeshift studio facing upon the broad, cold and wind-swept main street of that prairie city? So it is not from his travels that his painting takes its meaning; it comes rather from his own obstinate lack of inner doubt as to the validity of his visual convictions.

Yet there comes a time, particularly when striving youth is twenty-seven and in Venice, for constant and firmly held ideas to mellow a little, and so it was with Beny when he dwelt during 1951 in that city of present dreams and past glories. His water colours, *Piazza* and *Basilica*, done at that period, are delightful in their utter grace and limpidity, entirely free

from the strong mannerisms which crop up too often in many of his oils.

It is to be hoped that such a synthesis between that high resolve, which has so long been his, and these easier latitudes of maturity will someday come into all that he does. That this is possible is at least evident in this fine composition in oils, *Night Island*, painted in 1952, which we show here. This painting was bought by Sir Ellsworth Flavelle of Toronto and donated by him to be included in the gift being sent from Canada to the Bezalel Museum in Jerusalem.

The reproduction comes from a portfolio

\*ROLOFF BENY. Milan: Edizioni del Milione. (Canadian Distributors: Burns & MacEachern) \$1.95.

## An Approach to Sculpture

SYBIL KENNEDY

THE definition given of sculpture by a group-show visitor that it is something one backs into when looking at paintings, has for too long been the idea common to society. However, due to the influence of Rodin, who was the father of modern sculpture, this art, after a lapse of about two hundred years, is beginning to regain the importance it once had. Rodin defined sculpture as "the art of the hole and the lump." Today modern buildings demand less and less ornamentation, partly because many of them are being made of glass, so the art that was once so closely identified with architecture now has to make a place for itself. Thus we have the space-commanding work of Moore, the constructions of the master metal craftsman Gonzalez, and the massive rhythm of a Lipchitz bronze.

One of the sculptors who made an important contribution to modern sculpture is Alexander Archipenko. He was one of the first artists to explore the possibilities of concave surfaces and voids in sculpture in the round. I was lucky enough to study with Archipenko for four years. He was and still is an inspiring teacher, and a dynamic person.

When I first went to art school I had little idea of what I wanted to do, I only felt that I wanted to express something, anything in

of Beny's work, published this year in Milan.\* With it in this small folder are six other separately mounted colour plates, including the two Venetian subjects mentioned above, and a short appreciation of his work by Madeleine Fuchs. Her comments are quite brief but well written and worth reading in their original French. Unfortunately the accompanying English translation is full of inaccuracies. As for Beny, himself, he is at present in New York where he is holding a Guggenheim Fellowship which enables him to paint freely, without other cares, for a year in the United States. D.W.B.

three dimensions. Archipenko's method of teaching was to start us off copying silhouettes which he had painted on the wall. These were of the human figure much simplified. We built them in clay on a rod sticking up out of a board. I did not realize until much later how important the silhouette is to sculpture. The next step was to build the human form in blocks from a model. This was to teach us proportion and movement. Then came planes. Months of doing the model in planes. Some of the students found this very difficult, and I was one. If it had not been for the encouragement and help we got from our teacher at this point I think many of us would have given up. All this eventually led to doing what we felt from the model.

During this time I had of course been reading about and looking at all kinds of sculpture. I was most interested in the Egyptians, probably on account of their magnificent mastery of planes and simplicity of form. Also the Etruscans and the Archaic Greeks were of great interest to me, and later the Aztecs and Mayans, the Africans too, whose influence is felt so often in contemporary sculpture.

After my first year of working I was convinced that I would one day rock the world with my creations. This conviction was short

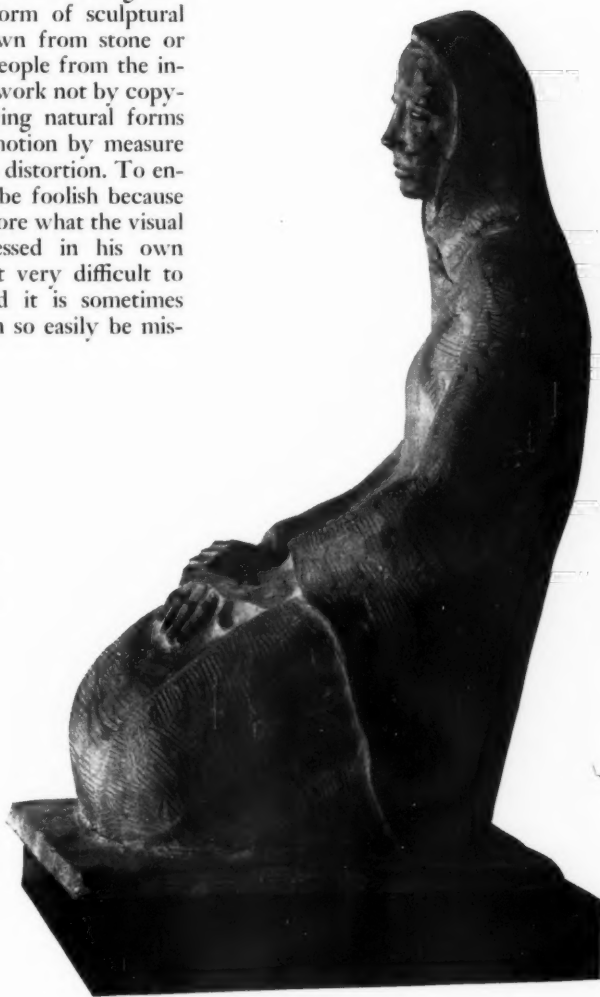
lived, but to take its place there is always something to be discovered just ahead, glimpses of power, and some achievement. These things also make up for disappointment, the long periods of discouragement and the seeming lack of sympathy of society towards the artist.

When I had studied such things as relative forms, planes, masses, composition, space, plaster casting, armature building, etc., for about two years I began to know or feel what I wanted to do. I knew I wanted to model, not carve. I felt that starting with nothing and building up was a truer form of sculptural expression than cutting down from stone or wood. I wanted to model people from the inside out. To give life to my work not by copying nature but by simplifying natural forms and giving expression to emotion by measure and balance and appropriate distortion. To enlarge on these ideas would be foolish because art is communication, therefore what the visual artist feels must be expressed in his own medium. Most of us find it very difficult to communicate in words and it is sometimes dangerous to do so as it can so easily be misinterpreted.

SYBIL KENNEDY

*Patient Woman*

*Plaster*







SYBIL KENNEDY. *Semi-abstract Studies*

About this time some of the contemporary German sculpture was being shown in New York: the work of Lehmbruck, Marcks, Barlach and Kolbe. Although none of these artists were noted for their experimental work, as were Brancusi, Archipenko and Gabo, they were unquestionably among the best sculptors of the beginning of this century, and their work made a great impression on me. There is nothing more restful today than to sit in the small gallery in the Museum of Modern Art alone with Lehmbruck's beautiful figures, the *Standing Youth* and the *Kneeling Woman*.

Another sculptor who at that time did a new kind of exciting work was Rudolph Belling. He was working on the relationship of volume and space, and movement in space. I was fascinated to see what he was doing when I went to his studio. His work was mostly large, made to be placed out in the open where not only the spaces contained within the masses but the space outside the mass was

part of the whole. His things were so beautifully balanced that even his small pieces one felt were monumental. Many sculptors have worked along the same lines since but as this was my introduction to the importance of the unity of mass and space, it meant a great deal to me.

After I left Archipenko and had my own studio, I worked for half the day with a model, and the other half was spent doing compositions from the imagination, sometimes realistic, sometimes abstract. The abstract work was not usually successful; something in me was not sympathetic to it, although I often admired it in others. As an exercise it was essential.

When I had worked alone for several years I suddenly became unhappy with what I was doing, and very discouraged. I had put up five or six life-size figures which stood grimly looking at me in an unfriendly way. I decided to ask Archipenko, whom I had not seen for five years, to come to the studio and give me a criticism. It was nice seeing him again, he had been to California apparently, so we talked about that for a while. Then he started walking silently around the studio. Thoughtfully and intently he looked at each piece of work, while I fidgeted in the background like a first-year student. Finally with his most attractive smile he advised me to destroy everything I had done. Then he said to work in the abstract for a year, then to come slowly back to nature, or rather to as close as I wanted to get to nature. Obviously my things had become static and realistic from working too much from the model. Maillol once said, "Nature is deceptive. If I look at her less, I would produce not the real but the true". So I would now have to "look at her less". Oddly enough, when I was given this judgement, instead of becoming hysterical I was delighted. I thought, and this could have been wishful thinking, that had he considered me not worth bothering about, he would have been less drastic. A couple of days later I was starting all over again in a completely empty studio.

During the following years I had several sculptors come to the studio to see my work, among them William Zorach and Heinz



Wanke. Each had a different approach to sculpture, and more through their aesthetic criticism than the physical I learnt a lot from them.

Soon I began to have my work cast in bronze. I modelled for this end, for the highlights and shadows that only this medium can produce. Although your work has to be cast in a foundry by specialized craftsmen (the "lost" wax process used by Cellini is still the most up-to-date method), the sculptor has to make many trips to the foundry to superintend the work of the casters. When the model is in wax, for instance, he goes to make sure that the balance is right and that no alterations have to be made before the metal is poured. Then later to watch the chasing and patination.

A very important thing for the professional

sculptor, unless he works with architects, is to be associated with a commercial gallery. I am fortunate in having the Wehye Gallery in New York and the Dominion Gallery in Montreal. These galleries not only show your work and sell it but also see that it gets to important exhibitions. They also do all the business part of the profession for you, which is a great help as it means that much more time for your own work.

The life of a sculptor is exciting today, there are so many new forms of expression, new ideas developing and many new media. I have been very lucky in having two countries. Although I have spent most of my working years in New York, I am a Canadian and shall always be grateful for the encouragement I have had and for the recognition I am getting from Canada.

SYBIL KENNEDY

*Left: Seated Figure*

*Triangular space composition*

*Below: The Bereft*

*Simplified forms, elongation*



# Ozias Leduc of Saint-Hilaire

PIERRE DE LIGNY BOUDREAU

SOME years back when I was in Paris, I remember hearing young enthusiastic Canadian painters praise Ozias Leduc as an extraordinary man, as being an artist apart from being an excellent painter and as the only worthwhile member of the Royal Canadian Academy. I did not pay too much attention to such ecstatic praise but I felt curious and, at the same time, ignorant for not knowing anything about what was obviously a man of interest.

Later I saw two of his pictures at the National Gallery of Canada. One called *Neige Dorée* is a most satisfactory and beautiful piece of painting. The handling of the snow is superb seen in the softened light of late winter afternoon. It has an impressionist brilliance; blue trees against pale yellowish snow which falls down the mountain side in a meandering rhythm.

I had by now composed in my mind an image of Monsieur Leduc through what people had told me about him and through seeing a few of his works. When I did meet him the imaginary figure collapsed. I had vaguely thought of him as being only preoccupied with painting, as one whose work was more interesting than he himself would prove to be. But I found a man whose personality and works were of equal quality, equally subtle and splendidly humble.

Ozias Leduc is now 89 years old. A wise man, he has erased from around him the traces of time. He lives, as it were, on a boat anchored at the margin of our world (actually he calls his studio "Correliu" which was the name of one of Champlain's boats). He is a monk or a saint who has integrated himself into the refinements of his paintings, sombre lights, deep-shadowed forms brushed with fragile colours. The climate of his paintings is one of love and integrity. One cannot easily describe this painter and his work with prosaic words or expressions. His world is most delicate and full of *demi-teintes*. He could very well be a quattrocento painter retired from a Florence of intrigues, noises and words; his studio adds proper backing to this impression, it could be one of his paintings. When I first saw it, the dusk of a winter afternoon distributed on its ochre walls brought the whole room into a harmony of light and shadow disturbed only by a copy on the table of *Life* magazine which looked like a vulgar and wicked insect from a foreign world, alighting for an instant in its flight.

My feeling in his presence was that I was impertinent and very much of an outsider, from the world of *Life* magazine. Later I was grateful when I gradually realized he was not annoyed at being disturbed and was reconciled to giving me a few hours. Paul-Emile Borduas

OZIAS LEDUC. *Nature morte aux pommes*

Collection: Paul-Emile Borduas, St-Hilaire, P.Q.



for whom he has a great affection was with me and this made everything much easier. Ozias Leduc has reduced his needs to the bare essentials and concentrates his favours on his friends, on nature, on a few philosophical thoughts, some of which he transcribes into poems; he remains untouched by those vain ambitions which have gained such predominance in life today.

He was born at Saint-Hilaire in 1864 and has hardly left it since; he went to Europe for a short visit where, as he said, he was a pilgrim deriving profit from everything which brought satisfaction to his intellect and delight to his vision. Self-taught as he was, it is easy to imagine his life as being a succession of walks round his village, slow walks round his garden. He is not linked with any school of painting, he is an idealist whose goal is to reach the absolute of an ideal beauty. Knowing it is impossible, he is still faithful to it, a paradox which is simply a homage to human achievement.

A great deal of his life was spent in producing religious murals for many churches in the province of Quebec, in fact he is at present working on a church decoration. He takes great care in the preparation and execution of these murals, bestowing upon them the same love and devotion as on his small paintings, but a wall does not offer the intimacy that a small canvas or a wooden board does and one cannot help thinking that he is nearer to the Dutch than to the Italians, that he is more an *intimiste* than a muralist. His small paintings are extremely intimate and, like Dutch interiors, are made for small spaces. They are mysteriously poetic with a light which is his own, far removed from that of vulgar day, which floats around the objects, an apple, an open book, a table cloth.

From the few portraits he did early in his career, it is evident that he could have been our greatest portrait painter. They are admirable. But, after a few disheartening experiences with dissatisfied patrons he stopped working in that direction. A portrait like that of Madame Lebrun is a proof of his masterly touch. The human presence, the enveloping atmosphere, the distribution of the masses and the brilliant handling of the blouse combine



OZIAS LEDUC. *Neige dorée*

*The National Gallery of Canada*

to give it that immutability which makes it a masterpiece. It is interesting to note that it is only 12½ inches by 17 inches for from the reproduction one would judge it to be of greater size.

Monsieur Leduc first showed his work at the spring exhibition of the Art Association of Montreal in 1891 and afterwards participated in group exhibitions in the main Canadian cities and abroad. In 1916 for the inauguration of the Bibliothèque Saint-Sulpice he displayed forty of his paintings; it was then that he was made an associate member of the Royal

Canadian Academy. In May 1938 the degree of Doctor Honoris Causa was conferred upon him by the University of Montreal for services rendered to the arts.

Monsieur Leduc has been an inspiration to many young artists. Always most understand-

ing, he has accepted the enthusiasms of the young whether their expression in art was at the opposite pole to his own or not. The greatest homage paid to Ozias Leduc and to his art is the quiet friendship which links him with these many young painters.

## Quelques pensées sur l'œuvre d'amour et de rêve de M. Ozias Leduc

PAUL-EMILE BORDUAS

C'est un inquiétant plaisir d'exprimer l'admiration que M. Leduc suscite toujours en moi: comme pourrait être l'hommage sans espoir offert à une lointaine étoile du soir mais dont la fine lumière légèrement se troublerait de cet hommage. . .

Les retours "aux Trente" dans le silencieux atelier adossé au Mont-Saint-Hilaire, après de telles occasions passées, amenaient M. Leduc à me dire des phrases comme celles-ci: "Est-ce bien utile? Pourquoi parler des artistes dont la carrière n'est pas finie, et qui peuvent encore se modifier, quand il y a tant de grands morts que l'on ignore? . . ." Ou: "Ayez bien soin de moi Paul-Emile!" sur le ton d'un fin reproche. Chaque fois des fibres secrètes de son âme furent froissées. Lesquelles? En vain ai-je tenté de le savoir. Ça me chavire; mais qui puis-je?

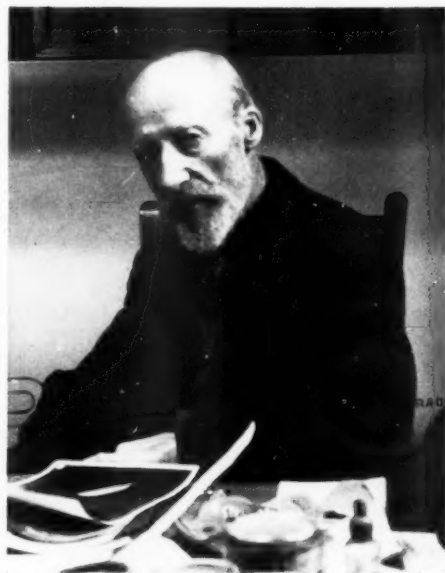
L'œuvre et la personnalité de M. Leduc mériteraient, certes, plus de circonspection, de justice et de clarté. Vouloir circonscrire l'influence qu'il eut sur moi depuis plus de trente ans de fidèle amitié m'amène à considérer le champ psychique où évolue l'activité de Leduc comme le lieu d'élection du sentiment: sentiment débordant de toute part les minces couches de la conscience.

Au moment de ma rencontre avec Leduc il était en pleine maîtrise; occupé, sans doute par les circonstances des commandes, aux travaux d'iconographie, de liturgie et du symbolisme chrétien. C'était quelque temps avant son séjour prolongé à Sherbrooke. J'étais dans une phase de douloureuse inquiétude sur l'avenir. Quelques dessins et aquarelles furent l'occasion de cette rencontre. Mais, déjà je connaissais sa peinture par cette petite église de Saint-Hilaire qu'il a généreusement décorée et qui court présentement le danger d'être sabotée par de maladroites réparations. De ma naissance à l'âge d'une quinzaine d'années ce furent les seuls tableaux qu'il me fût donné de voir. Vous ne sauriez croire

combien je suis fier de cette unique source de poésie picturale à l'époque où les moindres impressions pénètrent au creux de nous-mêmes et orientent à notre insu les assises du sens critique. Comment trahir par la suite ces directives venant on ne sait plus d'où et que dans notre candeur on est près d'attribuer à la providence? Ce sera étrange pour quelques-uns d'entendre que je sois resté fidèle à l'essentiel de ces premières impressions. J'en suis convaincu, toutes les admirations picturales subséquentes ont dû s'accorder avec elles: qu'on le croit ou non.

Dès mes premiers contacts avec Leduc, comme beaucoup d'autres, j'ai été séduit par sa simplicité, par son extrême retenue et davantage encore peut-être, par la vivacité—comme anguille sous roche—de son esprit. Très follement, des années

*Ozias Leduc, a recent photograph*



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OZIAS LEDUC

*Madame Lebrun*

*Collection:*

*Paul Gouin,*

*Montreal*



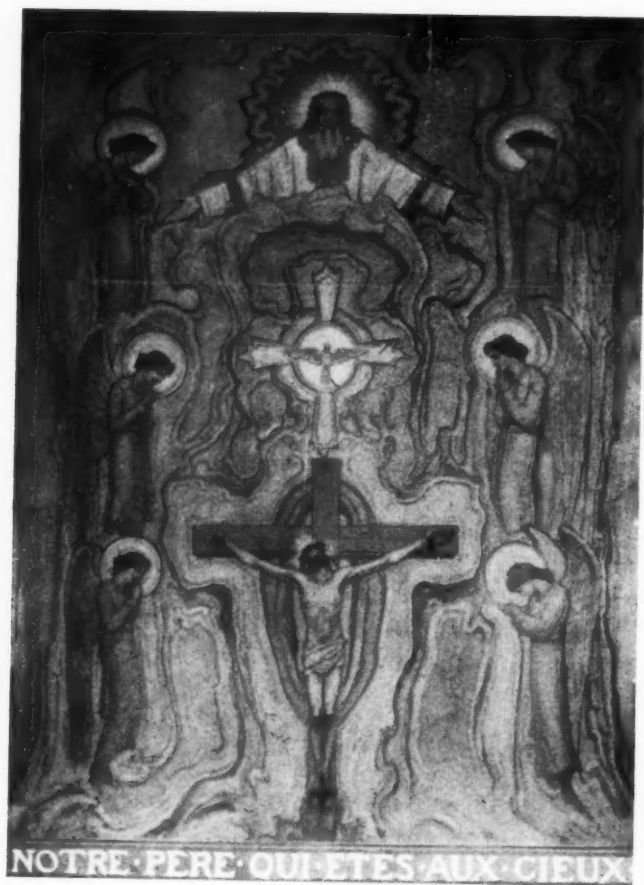
OZIAS LEDUC

*Le lecteur*

*Charcoal*

*Collection:*

*M. l'Abbé Filion,*  
*Montreal*



OZIAS LEDUC  
*Altar mural  
 for church at  
 Almaville-en-bas,  
 P.Q.*

*Ozias Leduc  
 at work on  
 the altar mural  
 shown above*



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longues, dans l'enthousiasme et l'ignorance j'ai tenté le rejoindre dans sa trop belle peinture. Ombres chaudes, douces lumières craignant le plus petit écart. Ménagement infini d'un narcissisme sublimé dans l'ambiance chrétienne. Combien ai-je désiré embrasser cette beauté familière et cependant si lointaine. Pourtant elle ne s'opposait pas à tout ce qu'il ne fallait pas faire! Mon seul bagage moral d'alors.

Vint un moment où j'eus besoin de l'aide de M. Leduc pour sortir de cette école des Beaux-Arts où il m'avait fait entrer. Il refusa sans que je compris pourquoi. Tout en poursuivant, des années encore, l'espoir de le rattraper dans sa perfection, j'avais conscience, par ma déception, que cette douceur, cette séduction avait un revers.

Je lui dois enfin de m'avoir permis de passer de l'atmosphère spirituelle et picturale de la Renaissance au pouvoir du rêve qui débouche sur l'avenir.

Toute la vie de Leduc ruisselle de cette magie du rêve. Je le vois façonnant un judas irrémédiablement aveugle appliqué directement à l'intérieur du panneau plein de la porte d'entrée de son atelier; bouchant à la pointe d'un crayon dans la voûte d'une chapelle, à vingt-cinq pieds de hauteur, les minuscules trous blancs laissés dans le plâtre par de fines épingles ayant retenu des pochoirs; remplissant d'un doux labeur, des années durant, les plus petits tableaux.

L'exemple de ce courage, de cette antique sagesse de tout construire avec patience, indé-



OZIAS LEDUC. *Etude pour une tête de Saint-Hilaire. Pencil*

Un revers qui graduellement devint un pôle d'attraction irrésistible.

Je lui dois ce goût de la belle peinture avant même de l'avoir rencontré.

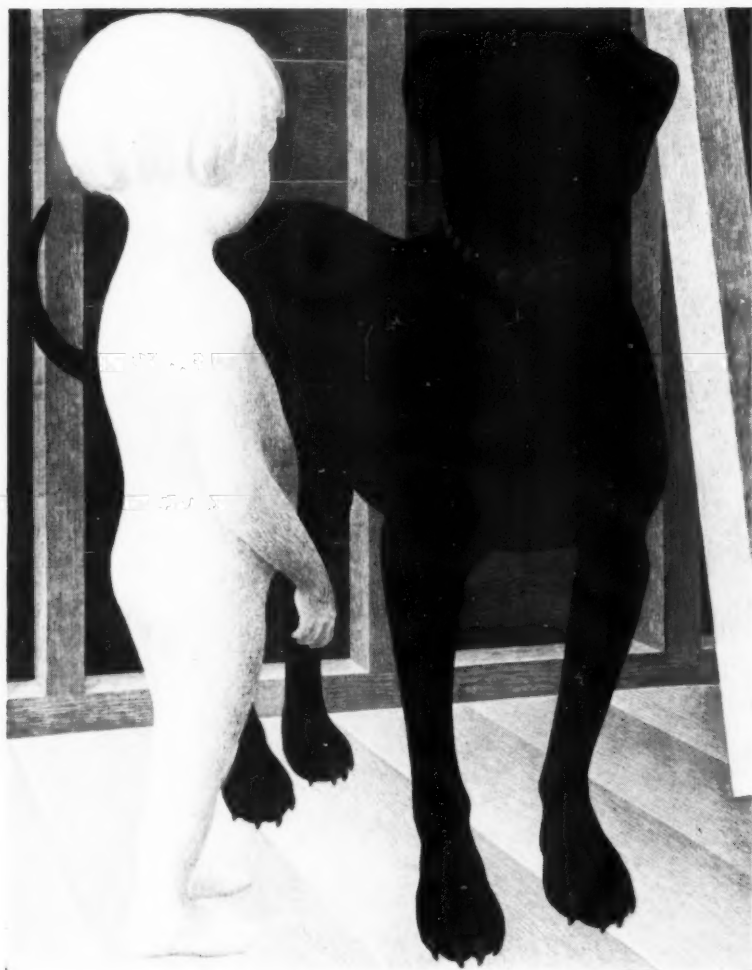
Je lui dois l'une des rares permissions de poursuivre mon destin. Lorsqu'il devint évident que je miserais sur des valeurs contraires à ses espoirs, aucune opposition, aucune résistance ne se fit sentir; sa précieuse et constante sympathie n'en fut pas altérée. Cela suffirait à isoler M. Leduc dans mon admirative reconnaissance, à le situer dans un monde plus parfait que celui de tous les jours.

Je lui dois, on en finit jamais de l'acquérir tout-à-fait, le goût du travail soigné si à Breton revient celui du risque qui ne me quittera plus. Pourtant le risque est grand chez Leduc, mais il est caché dans l'apparente pondération qui le rend difficile à voir et peut-être, sans Breton, ne l'aurais-je découvert qu'à demi.

finiment, inutilement dirais-je, dans la seule exigence de la perfection—qui oublie tout ce qui n'est pas sa propre satisfaction—et pour ne pas fausser le rythme de ce rêve éveillé n'utiliser que les matériaux qui tombent sous la main, les plus simples. Exemple d'une des limites de l'amour; l'on peut toujours sourire, une telle aptitude est la preuve touchante qu'en dernière analyse les buts proposés ne comptent plus beaucoup, que c'est la qualité de l'amour déployé en cours de route qui donne à la vie son sens humain. Tant pis, si, encore une fois, l'amour s'oppose au sens pratique! Il reste assez de grossièreté sur la terre pour sauvegarder l'équilibre de la force brutale.

A n'en pas douter l'œuvre de Leduc évolue dans l'amour et le rêve; à l'une de leurs extrémités du pouvoir de transfiguration: au terme de l'illusion visuelle, dans la douce tragédie d'un amour replié sur lui-même dans la paix d'un beau soir d'été.

*Continued on page 168*



## Coast to Coast in Art

ALEX COLVILLE  
*Child and Dog*

*Shown in the artist's  
recent exhibition  
at the Edwin  
Hewitt Gallery.  
New York*

### **New Brunswick Painter Holds Successful Exhibition in New York**

Alex Colville, who paints and teaches at Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick, believes that Canadian artists should not produce with only a Canadian public in mind. He thinks they should also aim, whenever they have the opportunity, to exhibit and sell their work in other countries as well. And he has begun, himself, to do so in New York where a well received display of his paintings was held by the Edwin Hewitt Gallery this March.

That penetrating critic, Emily Genauer in the *New York Herald Tribune* gave a brief but searching appraisal of his work. "Say of a young

painter", she wrote, "that he's a cross between Piero della Francesca and Seurat and he sounds formidable indeed. Actually I describe in this way Alex Colville, Canadian artist showing at the Edwin Hewitt Gallery, to denote not quality but type. His figures have the detached, hieratic air of those of the Italian master. His bathing of them in a cool, pale light, and development of their surface with myriad tiny brush-strokes applied separately, as if they were embroidery stitches, recall the French pointillist. Colville's is a mannered art, devoid of spontaneity and warmth, but invested, nevertheless, with a provocative air of mystery and monumentality."

One of his paintings was reproduced in the *New York Times* and another in the magazine,

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*The Art News*. This latter publication also saw a link with Seurat.

"His full forms," it stated, "are modelled with tiny, variegated strokes much as though a section from a painting by Seurat had been shaped to a cylinder. Every inch of the canvas has been considered. A figure contour lightens or darkens as it meets a reverse tone in the background, so that a linear quality is added without resort to line. If a certain detachment from subject matter results, so does a kind of monumentality, and the small *Girl on Piebald Horse* would hold its own if it were enlarged to fresco proportions."

#### **Canadian Paintings for Israel**

As a gesture of goodwill to Israel, a group of 28 paintings by contemporary Canadians has been presented to the Bezalel National Museum in Jerusalem. The collection is being circulated throughout western Canada by the T. Eaton Company before being sent overseas. The project was due primarily to the vision and vitality of Mrs. Philip Joseph of Montreal who, when she lived in Israel, discovered the deep love of the arts in a land that might well have been too busy fighting and pioneering to care about such things. She wanted to do something to promote goodwill and understanding between the two young nations, Israel and Canada, and she had in mind at the same time a memorial to her niece, daughter of a Minister in the Israeli government who once lived in Canada. Leila Joseph lost her life in 1948, as a soldier fighting in the Negev. The Canadian Israeli Art Club, founded to bring the ideas to fruition, studied ways and means and began stimulating interest by sponsoring lectures and other public meetings. The jury began collecting the pictures and the other committees began collecting the donors. Every painting was donated by an individual or a family. In April, after two years' work, the collection was formally presented to the Consul General of Israel in Montreal. While it is not completely representative, it is a good cross-section of Canadian painting today, ranging from the academic to the automatist, and containing the works of young painters just coming into recognition as well as painters full of honours and grown venerable. Here is the list: Paul Beaulieu, Léon Bellefleur, Marie-Cécile Bouchard, Emily Carr, Frederick S. Coburn, Stanley Cosgrove, Jean Dallaire, Lillian Freiman, Eric Goldberg, E. J. Hughes, Philip Surrey, Molly Bobak, Henri Masson, F. H. Varley, Roloff Beny, A. Y. Jackson, Moe Reinblatt, Fanny Wiselberg, Alfred Pellán, Arthur Lismer, Louis Muhlstock, David Milne, Goodridge Roberts,

Marian Scott, Frederick B. Taylor, Paul-Émile Borduas, J. E. H. MacDonald, Allan Harrison.

#### **Allied Arts Medal Awarded to Armand Filion**

To encourage the arts related to architecture, a medal known as the Allied Arts Medal has been created by the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada.

Given this year for the first time, it went to Armand Filion, Montreal sculptor, who has done a number of bas-reliefs and other sculptures for churches and schools in the province of Quebec. The most important are found at Montreal, Quebec, Valleyfield, Three Rivers, Joliette, Danville and Mont Laurier.

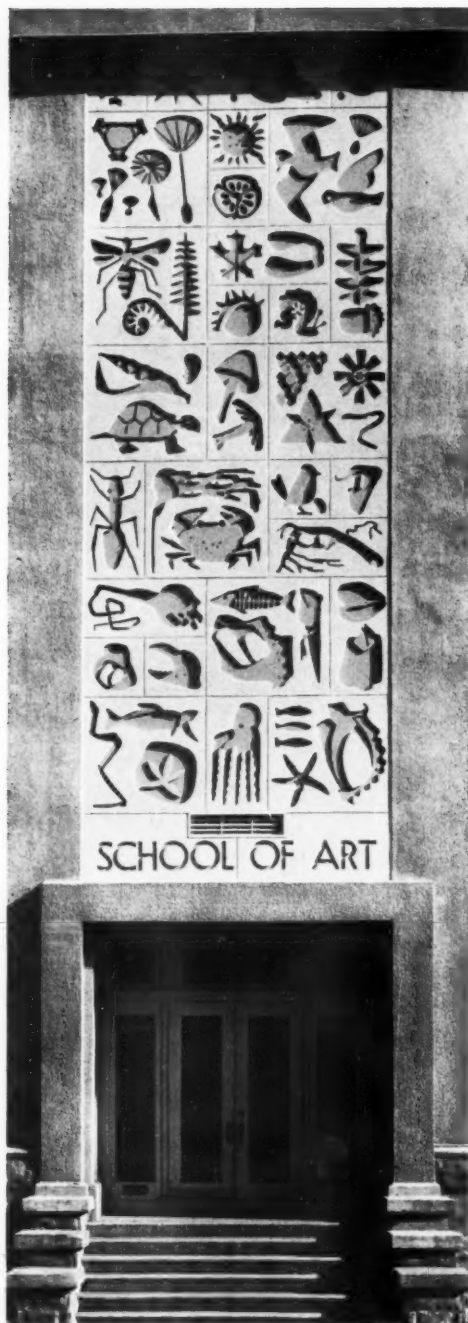
Filion is not a cautious sculptor. He works directly on stone, demonstrating great clarity and precision in the handling of this unyielding material. Simplicity of composition and a preference for gently flowing curves are characteristics of his technique.

The magazine *Arts et Pensée* of Montreal in its



HENRI HÉBERT. *Alphonse Jongers*. Bronze  
The National Gallery of Canada

A retrospective showing of the works of the late Henri Hébert will be held as part of the twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition of the Sculptors' Society of Canada at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts in November



December 1952 number carries an interesting article on Filion by Julien Déziel, in which the writer states that Filion is perhaps most successful in his stylization of themes related to science and education especially in certain bas-reliefs done for the walls of schools. He feels, however, there is still a certain coldness and mannerism in some of his work which makes it less acceptable for religious themes.

#### **Bruno Bobak Does a Mural in Concrete**

The Vancouver School of Art, which moved last September into an older building which had been completely renovated, now boasts a fine mural panel in concrete on its main façade, designed by Bruno Bobak, Vancouver artist and head of the design department at the school. The subject for the panel is both direct and general. Bobak uses shapes from the sea and beach (fish, crabs, driftwood) and shapes from land and sky (flowers, reptiles, birds, seed pods, snow-flakes). As he says: "These natural forms are all part of the West Coast artist's source of material and also part of the layman's environment. I feel that this type of subject shows more clearly where the artist fits in his community than would have any attempt to show what he does."

The space devoted to the mural is 10 feet by 29 feet, and the complete design consists of 31 concrete sections, the largest 4 feet by 4 feet.

"The design" as Bobak explains "is in two recessed levels, each three quarters of an inch deep. I drew each level on paper which was pasted on three-quarter inch plywood and cut out with a band saw. They [the cut plywood shapes] were then assembled into forms. The forms were greased well and concrete was poured into them, the forms were then removed and each concrete piece put into place with iron and mortar."

#### **Charlebois Elected President of Canadian Arts Council**

Roland-Hérard Charlebois, Director of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of Montreal, was elected President of the Canadian Arts Council at the seventh annual meeting in Toronto in May. Twelve of the fifteen national societies which are members of the Council sent delegates. Mr. Charlebois succeeds Claude E. Lewis of Toronto. The other officers are: Patron, His Excellency The Right Honorable Vincent Massey, C.H.; honorary president, Dr. Jean Bruchesi, Quebec; honorary vice-presidents—Nova Scotia, Donald McKay; New Brunswick, Sinclair Healy; Quebec, Dr. Adrien Plouffe; Ontario, Sir Ernest MacMillan; Manitoba, George Broderon; Saskatchewan, Wynona Mulcaster; Alberta, H. G. Glyde.

ARMAND FILION. *Les Sciences*

*Bas-relief in stone*

*School at Danville, P.Q.*

*Opposite page:*

BRUNO BOBAK

*Mural panel*

*Concrete*

*Vancouver School  
of Art*



British Columbia, Lawren Harris; first vice-president, J. C. Parkin, Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, Toronto; second vice-president, John Roxborough Smith, R.A.I.C., Montreal; secretary, Louise Barrette, Montreal; treasurer, M. Comte, Montreal; executive committee: Paul Kuhring, Canadian Authors' Association; Pierre Normandeau, Sculptors' Society of Canada; Mrs. Adelaide Marriott, Canadian Handicrafts Guild; J. E. Whitmore, Ballet Festival Association; Mary Dickenson, Canadian Guild of Potters; Louis Perron, Society of Landscape Architects and Town Planners.

#### **A Barter Service for Paintings**

The provision of a barter service for paintings, an idea which originated in Denmark, is now being put into practice in other countries as well. Adelaide Leitch of Ottawa who studied this system when she was abroad recently thinks it might well be used in Canada, too. "Barter is the whole basis of Copenhagen's unique 'Art for Wares' shop", writes Miss Leitch. "Its method of exchanging services of goods for paintings helps the struggling young artist to live and, at the same time, allows the family of low or average income to obtain paintings and sculpture without direct cash payments.

"When the visitor to this 'cultural swap shop' sees something he or she likes, the society, a non-profit-making organization, arranges a meeting between the customer and the artist or sculptor in question and they come to their own terms.

In this way, paintings have been traded for articles like baby carriages, or have been given in return for services, such as gardening chores, house-painting, a permanent wave for the artist's wife or even trips to Stockholm.

"One Danish sculptor needed a wall for his garden and, at the same time, a builder happened to want a bas-relief for his fireplace. Neither could afford the work until the shop arranged a barter between them. A little later, when the sculptor needed a new gate, he got in touch with the builder who happened to have a friend who provided the gate in return for a small painting.

"The showrooms of this shop contain a rotating exhibition of the work of more than two hundred and fifty painters and sculptors. To keep a high level of quality, each exhibitor must have shown his work for five years in other exhibitions and, even then, his offerings are carefully screened. When a participant becomes fully recognized and successful, that is once he has passed the 'struggling artist' stage, he is expected to drop his association with 'Art for Wares' and make way for new-comers.

"Started in Copenhagen largely through the work of a Danish woman, Mrs. Clara Oest, 'Art for Wares' now has its offices also in Stockholm and Oslo, and it plans to expand further. It is an idea which takes root quickly when planted; it is an important step in taking art out of the rarified atmosphere of the gallery and setting it down in the family living-room."



### Murals for a Newsroom

Jan Zach, Czech-Canadian painter, sculptor and teacher, collaborated with Stuart Keate, publisher of the *Victoria Times*, in sponsoring a competition among art students to design murals with a newspaper theme. The winners were Mrs. Lillian Rogers, who told the story of the rise of a newsboy to the mayoralty of his city, and Duncan de Kergommeaux, who demonstrated "the power of the press" in bold, swirling lines of newsprint coming off the rollers. The murals, on the walls of the *Times* newsroom, were unveiled by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

### Vancouver Gallery Shows Important Works by French Impressionist Masters

Nearly one hundred works by painters who participated or, in some way, were related to the movement known as French impressionism were brought together by the Vancouver Art Gallery this spring. Admission was charged and over eighteen thousand visitors came to this showing,

which gave Vancouver its first opportunity to see so many important works from such a happy period in art history.

Loans came from many galleries and museums and private owners both in the United States and Canada; one Monet even came all the way from the Louvre in Paris.

Monet, Pissarro and Sisley, the most typically impressionist painters in the group, were each well represented. But the Renoirs, of which there were 10 examples, were all done after his impressionist period. Also a fine painting by Degas, which was a great favourite among visitors, was not actually an impressionist picture at all; this was his *Portrait de Mlle Hortense Valpinçon*, painted in 1871 and lent by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Seurat, so difficult to represent, was there in a typical and splendid canvas, *Port-en-Bessin: Outer Harbour*, from the City Art Museum, St. Louis. Among four Cézannes, *Portrait de Paysan*, from the National Gallery of Canada was outstanding.



AUGUSTE RENOIR

*Hélène Bellon*

Metropolitan Museum  
of Art, New York

Included in the  
exhibition of  
French impressionists at  
the Vancouver Art Gallery



### **New Projects of Maritime Art Association**

The best possible uses of government grants to promote art in the Maritimes were discussed at the annual convention of the Maritime Art Association held at Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, this May. The Association receives \$300 each from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, \$100 from Prince Edward Island and \$700 from the Federal Government. Among the projects favoured are a sponsored public art lecture series, a monthly bulletin and manual of practical information for member groups, and an increase in the number of coloured slides recording Maritime paintings and handicrafts.

### **Eskimo Art in London**

Among the many "Coronation" exhibitions arranged by art galleries in England, there was one attractive but unusual display of Canadian origin. This was an exhibition of Eskimo carvings presented by the Gimpel Gallery in London during May and early June. It included some one hundred and fifty pieces sent over by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, several from the collection of Lord Tweedsmuir and a carving of a mother and child lent by Her Majesty the Queen. There were many comments of appreciation in the London press. In this way an aspect of primitive Canadian art which is little known abroad has become more widely recognized.

### **A Salon des Indépendants for Montreal**

At the top of rickety stairs amid weathered and aging walls, on the second and third floors of a building surrounded by a burlesque theatre, which advertised in large gaudy letters "Gipsy Rose Lee", and greasy hot-dog restaurants, was held this spring the most stimulating art show to hit the artistic headlines in Montreal for a long time. After so many exhibitions which are neither one thing nor the other, neither very good nor very bad, here was a group show refreshing, stimulating and, taken as a whole, very good as an artistic manifestation.

The fact that there was no jury, that it was open to anyone, assured it an unusual crop of horrors, but again I must emphasize that there was no impression of dull mediocrity here. It was either plain hair-raising horrors or good and interesting works.

On the first floor was the bulk of the exhibition. Here each contributor was allowed a limited wall space and had to hang his paintings himself, in general about five per painter. On the other floor, this was done by the organizers themselves. A most exciting room was arranged, with large paintings and sculptures and with poems hung

on the walls dominated by a superb painting by Borduas.

In order to pay for the premises which were hurriedly baptized "Place des Artistes", a minimum hanging fee was charged to the contributors



*One of the original installations,  
Salon des Indépendants, Montreal*

and to keep the exhibition going a few more weeks the hat, in the form of a large cardboard box, was passed around. This worked extremely well with everyone happily contributing. One of the best things about this exhibition was that it produced a lively reaction in all who saw it. The organizers were a group of Montreal artists, including Marcelle Ferron, Fernand Leduc and Albert Roussil.

## VISIT THE DOMINION GALLERY, MONTREAL

In fourteen showrooms, are on display paintings by prominent Canadian, American and European artists.

Also for sale are important works by Old Masters.

The Dominion Gallery is the sole agent for the Canadian painters:

Edith Bouchard

Ed. J. Hughes

Stanley Cosgrove, A.R.C.A.

Marian Scott

Jean Dallaire

Goodridge Roberts, A.R.C.A.

Sole Canadian agent for the French artist, François Gall, Paris

The Dominion Gallery is the sole agent for all paintings left for sale by the late Emily Carr, 1871-1945 and J. E. H. MacDonald, R.C.A., 1873-1932.

*We wish to buy important paintings, especially by J. W. Morrice and C. Krieghoff*

## DOMINION GALLERY

1438 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, MONTREAL

### QUELQUES PENSÉES SUR . . . OZIAS LEDUC

*Continued from page 161*

Ses tableaux, comme le maître, sont images de paix; d'une matière onctueuse et légère; d'une plénitude heureuse, vénitienne, de la forme qui est donnée, comme par surcroît, à la suite d'un long travail apparemment destructeur; d'une délicatesse poussée jusqu'au vertige des tons: le moindre éclat aux environs en voile la présence. Tableaux difficiles à bien voir dans les conditions habituelles de nos musées; qui appellent un sanctuaire dédié à la douceur où il serait bon se reposer des luttes nécessaires aux natures plus rudes que celle de leur auteur.

Sa pensée comme son œuvre est intime. Elle joue avec des idées familières, courantes, très simples, que sa malice et sa ruse vivifient. Étrange et charmante impression où le sentiment d'une exceptionnelle présence s'affirme, comme indirectement, dans le rejet des prérogatives de l'esprit de faire siens les jugements impersonnels qu'il utilise cependant et annule. Où la présence de cet esprit est d'autant plus évidente et rare qu'il met plus de soin à s'effacer. Le charme subtil, le grand pouvoir de séduction de Leduc viennent en partie de ce jeu.

Les plaisirs de sa conversation sont étoilés de petites merveilles d'imprévu. Me parlant un jour

d'un de ses anciens aides: "Vous l'avez connu . . . Bien oui! Il est mort . . . le pauvre! Il n'en avait pourtant pas l'habitude. . ."

Il n'est pas surprenant, une fois chez Leduc, que la notion du temps s'abolisse. Vous pouvez imaginer être aussi bien au seizième qu'au vingtième siècle. Vous veniez passer un quart d'heure avec lui, et, le quittant vous êtes surpris d'être deux heures en retard. Si le monde contenait un plus grand nombre de ces personnes-là, l'on aurait jamais eu l'idée du déterminisme historique. Leduc est le fruit mûr de ces trois siècles d'isolement en cette terre d'Amérique: fruit qui a mûri, on ne sait trop comment, au pied de sa montagne.

Leduc est le point culminant de la faculté de sentir. Par sa "fertilité d'âme" le frère lointain d'un Douanier Rousseau, d'un Facteur Cheval: mais un frère qui aurait craint de dérouter la raison. Ce n'est donc pas par cette apparente raison que sa peinture est grande; elle l'est par sa vertigineuse délicatesse des tons qui est le miroir de son âme.

Ce vertige émotif en appelle un autre contraire: la conscience qui s'affirme délibérément; le vertige du vouloir savoir à tout prix dans le risque total de l'automatisme: en pleine connaissance, en pleine responsabilité, en pleine violence des certitudes nécessaires à la lutte.

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Toronto, by Burns & MacEachern. \$6.00.

As this is the fourth successive annual to be produced by the Art Directors Club of Toronto, this publication now seems to have become a permanent institution.

Primarily, of course, it serves as a permanent record of the exhibition which it reproduces, a book available to all who could not see the exhibition itself or to those who, having seen it, feel the need of having a record in their possession. This purpose it serves admirably.

But its limitations are that it represents a kind of high watermark of what the advertiser will buy from artists and designers and that it merely reflects the limits to which editorial daring is held in leash by the nervousness of circulation departments. At only a few points does it represent the peaks of the ability of the artists represented. Unfortunately those peaks are not generally acceptable to the clients who would be best served by them.

But, looked at in this light, this fourth annual indicates a wider acceptance of better design standards than does previous annuals. More advertisers, in a

wider range of products, and more publications, including house organs, have reached standards meriting inclusion in this volume. That is encouraging; and if this annual does no more than provide the advertiser, art director or artist with targets at which to aim or to excel, it will be worth the modest investment entailed. The wide circulation which the annuals of previous years have gained outside of this country indicate the esteem which Canadian art has won abroad.

This review would not be complete without gently chiding the designer, or whoever was responsible for the omission of the words "editorial art" from the title of the book. An oversight, no doubt, but one which ignores a goodly portion of the volume which is of high calibre.

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# THE ART FORUM

Dear Sir:

On the 18th March 1953 an attack in the press by W. J. B. Newcombe, a member of our Society, was made on the selection committee for our annual exhibition.

This attack, fanned and pursued by the press for a considerable period of time, charged—(1) "the selection of works for the Annual Exhibition was made on political grounds and not one of merit." (2) "that the jury was guided from higher up." (3) "that these works (subversive) were not apparent to the general public but were as plain as the nose on your face to artists."

This unfounded and disgraceful attack was also rejected by an impartial panel of artists invited to view the exhibition in the presence of the press, photographers, Newcombe and jury members. The statement of this panel follows.

"At the invitation of the Canadian Society of Graphic Art, the undersigned committee has carefully examined the Society's exhibition for 1953. The committee failed to see any intention to manipulate the exhibition for communist propaganda purposes. The committee further believes the exhibition indicates that the jury, selected by secret ballot, acted in good faith. It appears to be a fair show.

"The committee also failed to see any dominance of "communist" symbolism. Since the same symbol can mean many different things, the committee cannot bring itself to judge art solely on such a basis.

"In conclusion, the committee strongly regrets any introduction of politics into Canadian art."

This was signed by: Paul Duval, Art Critic on *Saturday Night*; L. A. C. Pantou, R.C.A., O.S.A., Representative for the Art Gallery of Toronto; Sydney Watson, A.R.C.A., P.O.S.A.; R. York Wilson, R.C.A., O.S.A.; William Winter, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

At a general meeting of the Canadian Society of Graphic Art called by the executive to deal with these charges and subsequently harmful publicity, it was shown they were entirely without foundation.

Henry Orenstein, President,  
Canadian Society of Graphic Art

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## THE FEDERATION OF CANADIAN ARTISTS

### CONTRIBUTORS

**Pierre Normandeau** of Montreal is president of the Sculptors' Society of Canada and **Sybil Kennedy**, who now lives in New York, is that Society's most distinguished non-resident member, while **Julien Hébert** teaches sculpture at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Montreal.

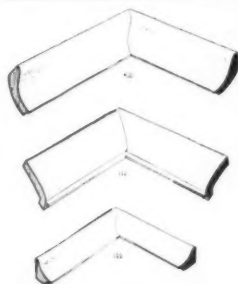
**Pierre de Ligny Boudreau** is on the staff of the National Gallery of Canada and **Paul-Emile Borduas** of Saint-Hilaire is the leader of Quebec's "automatiste" group of painters.

**Eric McLean** is music critic, Montreal Star.

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